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Apes, William.

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THE

EXPERIENCES

OF

FIVE CHRISTIAN INDIANS:

OR THE

INDIAN'S LOOKING-GLASS

FOR THE

WHITE MAN.

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BOSTON, 1833.

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THE

EXPERIENCES

OF

FIVE CHRISTIAN INDIANS

OF THE

PEQUOD TRIBE.

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM APES,

Subsequently a Missionary of that Tribe, and author of "The Son of the Forest."

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

MATT. XX. 19, 20.

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THE

EXPERIENCE

OF THE

MISSIONARY.

It is not my intention to descend to particulars in this pamphlet, any farther, than to notice the origin of my life, for the purpose of giving the youth a transient view between their condition and mine; or those poor children of the forest, who have had taken from them their once delightful plains, and homes of their peaceful habitations; their fathers and mothers torn from their dwellings, and they left to mourn, and drop a tear, and die, over the ruins of their ancient sires. Perhaps you may ask, why is this? I answer, because of deception and power, assisted with the fiery waters of the earth—Rum. Such, my young friends, was the case of this poor self-taught Indian youth, whose experience you are about to read.

My parentage, according to the custom of the country, was none of the least—being the descendant of a Chief, or the head officer of the nation. But this availed nothing with me; the land of my fathers was gone; and their characters were not known, as human beings,—but as beasts of prey. We were represented as having no souls to save, or to lose; but as partridges upon the mountains. All these degrading titles were heaped upon us. Thus you see, we had to bear all this tide of degradation; while prejudice, stung every white man, from the oldest to the youngest, to the very centre of the heart.

It was thought no crime for old and young to hiss at the poor Indians, the noblest work of God, who had met with

great misfortunes, and lost every thing they had, by those very persons who despised them;—yea, look which way they would, they could see no friends, nor even hear a pleasant sound from the lips of the white. Yea, there was but little help for them.

When you read this, ask yourselves if ever you had such trials? If not, begin now to prize your privileges, and show pity to those whose fates are wretched and cruel. I shall now enter more fully upon my experience in childhood.—It will be well to speak to the point; I shall make but few remarks here, as I intend publishing, should the Lord spare my life, a book of three hundred pages, 18mo. in size; and there, the reader will find particulars respecting my life.

My parents were of the same disposition of the Indians—that is, to wander to and fro. And although my father was partly white, yet he had so much of the native blood, that he fashioned after them in travelling from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, and plain to plain, on their journey.

I was born at Colerain, Massachusetts, A.D. 1798, on the 30th day of January. We lived here but a few months, and then removed to Colchester, Connecticut, within about twelve miles of our native tribe—and there, to my sad misfortune, my father and mother parted; I being at this time but a babe, being not more than three years old, and I saw my mother's face no more for twenty years. I was then placed with my grand parents, on my mothers' side; who, my readers, were not the best people in the world; for they would at times drink New-England Rum, and then I was neglected. How awful it is to have parents who will drink spirituous liquors or alcohol, and by that to neglect their dear little children and leave them to suffer. You will see how much I had to suffer on the account of rum.

During my stay with the old folks, our fare was hard, there being five children of us, and our fare was about equal as to earthly comforts. Sometimes we had something to eat, and at other times, nothing. Many are the times in which we have gone to bed supperless, to rest our little weary limbs, stretched upon a bundle of straw; and how thankful we were for this comfort; and in the morning we were thankful to get a cold potatoe for our breakfasts. We

thought it good fare. There was a white man who lived about a mile off, and he would, at times, bring us some frozen milk, which for a time supplied the calls of nature. We suffered thus from the cold; the calls of nature, as with almost nakedness; and calumny heaped upon us by the whites to an intense degree.

Little children, how thankful you ought to be that you are not in the same condition that we were—that you have not a nation to hiss at you, merely because your skins are white. I am sure that I rejoice for you, that it is not the case.—But to proceed:—At a certain time when my grandmother had been out among the whites, with her baskets and brooms, and had fomented herself with the fiery waters of the earth, so that she had lost her reason and judgment, and in this fit of intoxication, raged most bitterly; and in the mean time fell to beating me most cruelly; calling for whips, at the same time, of unnatural size, to beat me with: and asking me at the same time, question after question, if I hated her? And I would say yes, at every question; and the reason why, was, because I knew no other form of words. Thus I was beaten, until my poor little body was mangled, and my little arm broken into three pieces; and in this horrible situation left for a while. And had it not been for an uncle of mine, who lived in the other part of the old hut, I think that she would have finished my days; but through the goodness of God I was snatched from an untimely grave.

The white man will say, 'What cruel creatures to use children so! If I could see that this blame was attached to the poor degraded Indians, I should not have one word to say. But when not a whit of it belongs to them, I have the more to say.' My sufferings certainly were through the white man's measure; for they most certainly brought spirituous liquors first amongst my people. For surely no such sufferings were heard of, or known amongst our people, until that burning curse and demon of despair came amongst us: surely it came through the hands of the whites. Surely the red man had never sought to destroy one another as this bane of hell would! And we little babes of the forest had to suffer much on its account, O white man! how can you account to God for this? Are you not afraid

that the children of the forest will rise up in judgment and condemn you?

Little children, if you have parents that drink the fiery waters, do all you can, both by your tears and prayers, and friendly admonitions, to persuade them to stop; for it will most certainly ruin them, if they persist in it. But to proceed. I did not long continue in this situation; but was relieved from it by my uncle making his complaint to the selectmen of the town, who took up my case and placed me for a while amongst some of the white neighbors, until I was healed of my wounds; although it was a year before I was able to help myself much, without aid. Being now about five or six years old, it was agreed upon that I should live with this white family until I had arrived at the age of twenty-one. They being Baptist people, and having no children of their own, became more fond of me than is usual for people to be, of adopted children, and treated me with the utmost kindness; and particularly Mrs. Fairmon, who was very kind and generous. And as they had agreed to send me to school—accordingly, when I had arrived at the age of six years, they sent me to school. And this they continued to do for six successive winters, which was about all the education that I received. The amount of benefit which I have received from this, none can tell. To God be all the praise.

Things began now to wear a different aspect; and my little heart began again to be expanded, and I began to be inquisitive about many things. At times, the children of God would assemble around me, to worship the Great Spirit —something new to me. Of course I listened with great attention. Their songs were sweet, and as the oil of joy no doubt was in their hearts to indite their petitions, to nerve their admonitions, to send home the word to the hearts of those who heard it, doubtless made it the more interesting. And so it caught my youthful heart; being a constant hearer of these things. And my mind became more knitted together with them. And I would question Mrs. Fairmon respecting these things. She would give me a great many good wholesome admonitions, and tell me, the young must die as well as the old; and often point me to the grave-

yard, and cite me to small graves, and warn me to prepare to die. It would leave a powerful effect upon my mind, which was not easily effaced. I recollect the first time I visited a chapel for the worship of God. It being a new place, and looking, to me, somewhat fine to the eye, I took great liberties, was something like a country clown passing through populous villages and cities, staring all the while upon those fine piles of buildings which he saw; or like a rabble of boys and girls going to church to hear the Indian preach: something so indeed, and so much so, that I lost my balance of behaviour; and when I returned I received a short address, accompanied with a handsome present, that I have not yet forgotten: it weighed well with me, so that forever afterwards, I was enabled to keep my balance well. It would be well for heads of families to supply their children with such presents, when needed; it would save the country from much disgrace. But to proceed. When I was about eight years old, the preaching of the Gospel powerfully affected my mind, although I was ignorant of the plan of salvation, through Jesus Christ; but I had no doubt but the word was spoken with divine authority, which not only drew tears of contrition from *me*, but from many others. But being small, and of little note in the world, no one supposed that I wanted religion.

In those days, the aged thought the youth were not subjects of grace; such is the fact, although it may be surprising to many,—so there was none to comfort the little Indian boy. How different now! Lord, help the youth who are exalted to heaven in point of privileges, so to prize them, that they might not be thrust down to hell.

I would remark here, that many rise up against this doctrine: but why not rise up against, or in opposition to, the States' prison? and house of correction? and even the gallows itself; these are places to punish the people for their crimes. Some say, their crimes are punished here; indeed, this is a new doctrine: whoever saw a crime in the States' prison locked up to hard labor; or whoever saw a crime hung up by the neck? How absurd then to delineate such doctrine. Crime is a crime, and stands for what it is, let scoffers say what they will—may grace be imparted to

enlighten our eyes. But to return. For the profiting of the youth, I would speak a little further of the exercises of my mind. Although they could not believe that I wanted religion, yet the Spirit of the Lord followed me daily; and my mind was so overwhelmed that I could hardly contain myself to rest, without giving vent to my feelings. But little did the people with whom I lived, think that I was serious about a future state; and although I could weep to be at church, yet they would deny me at times, saying, I only wanted to look at the boys and play with them Those sudden rebuffs would dampen my serious thoughts, and I would turn away to wicked paths of vice, and unite with wicked boys; and break the Sabbath, by wandering to and fro about the swamps, hedges, ponds and brooks, sporting with whatever came in our way. But when I came home at night, and retired to rest, the darkness itself was a terror to me; as I would picture to my imagination, that the fiends of night stood around me, ready to devour me. Then I would cry to the Lord to have mercy upon my poor soul, and promise him if he would spare me, I would do better. But, when the darkness was past, I, like Pharaoh, forgot my promise: thus I was led on by wicked youths until I was almost ruined; until I was persuaded to leave my home, and wander to and fro to seek my bread. This displeased Mr. Fairmon; he supposing I had become discontented, had sought me out another place, without my consent, which displeased me, and made me more discontented than ever; I being at this time, about ten years of age, entirely unfit to choose for myself. But so it was; I was alone in the world, fatherless, motherless and helpless, as it were, and none to speak for the poor little Indian boy. Had my skin been white, with the same abilities and the same parentage, there could not have been found a place good enough for me. But such is the case with depraved nature, that their judgment for fancy only sets upon the eye, skin, nose, lips, cheeks, chin or teeth, and sometimes, the forehead and hair—without any further examination the mind is made up and the price set. This is something like buying chaff for wheat, or twigs of wood for solid substance.

But to proced with our story. The place that he had

procured for me, was with a people professing religion, that belonged to the Presbyterian church, and withal very strict. They also thought much of themselves; he being formerly a Judge, likewise a member of Congress, in the House of Representatives, and had sufficient to supply all the common calls of life, for all his household. I went to try my new home; and while there on trial, they used me pretty fairly; made me a few presents suited to please children, &c. They had now secured my favor, as they thought —the agreement was now made that I should have clothing and schooling, so as to read and write, and plenty of work. Now this man is what is generally called an enlightened christian.

But let us look at his proceedings, and see if he was actuated by the spirit of Christ, or the custom of the day: hear, and then decide. And there was work enough. This part of the bargain was completely fulfilled on his part, and that was all. As to my fare, it was none of the best, though middling: it was not so bad as I have seen— I mean my table fare and lodging; but when we came to the clothing part, it was mean enough, I can assure you. I was not fit to be seen any where amongst decent folks, and of course there was no meeting for me to attend, although I had a desire. But this good man did not care much about the Indian boy. He wished to hear me read: I could make out to spell a few words—and the judge said, 'you are a good reader.'—I hope he was a better judge at law. Now some may think hard; but truth will stand.

Now the judge had family prayers, and was exact in having all his family to hear him pray—so he would always have a repetition of words, and I soon could pray as well as him; and of course I did not care for his prayers any longer. I would remark, however, that a colored woman, who had lived with the judge for many years, told me, that he once prayed, though previous to it there was one of the most powerful thunderstorms that ever was known in these parts; and after he had made that prayer he forgot to pray again. I expect there are many such in the world. But to proceed. The poor little Indian boy, when the Sabbath came, had no where to go to worship God; and so, like all

other little boys who are left alone in the world, would stroll about the lots and meditate upon past times, and listen to the little songsters of the forest, which would chaunt the praise of God for me, while there was none to take me by the hand and lead me to the holy place, or to the fountain of blessedness. Now, if my face had been white, it would have been a town talk. But as it was an Indian face, no matter whether it was dirty or poor, or whether I had clothing or not. But the judge has gone to the great Judge above, who will do right. I would not live with him, and he sold me, as a farmer would sell his sheep for the slaughter, without any of my knowledge whatever, to Mr. Williams, of New London; and through hypocrisy alone they carried me along to my place of destination. I had now arrived at the age of about eleven years and a half, and now I found that I had a new home; and in fact, I was not so much displeased with it as some might suppose, for now I found myself in a comfortable situation—enough to eat and drink, and things comfortable to wear; whereas before, I was quite destitute of many things. This improvement somewhat settled my mind, and I became more contented. But soon I found that all his household wished me to become their servant, from the cook to the clerk. This I did not stomach well; it was too much for one to bear, to call every man 'master.' I thought it beneath my dignity; of course there was war in the wigwam,—who should be master. But Mr. Williams settled with us all, and with me in particular, as he said he meant to make me a good boy; but at the same time told me, that I must obey the heads of his family, and all this was perfectly right; and some good, I think, was accomplished. However, I never cried out, like the poor African, 'Massa, Massa—Mister, Mister,' but called them by their regular names.

Things now went on smoothly for some time. The General and his family generally attended the Congregational church or society on the Sabbath, to hear the word of God dispensed; though neither he nor his family were religious, yet they used to be often there; and their example was good, so far as it went; and so I had an opportunity to

attend with them. My mind was much occupied about those who preach the gospel, there being a difference between those who preach and those who read. I could discover this; the preaching that I formerly attended was with divine power, which made the language of the speaker eloquent and sublime; and withal, called the attention of those who heard it, to seek the salvation of their souls; while that of the latter, being a selection of fine sentences, and read off in an elegant style, which only seemed to please the ear and lull the people to sleep. How much better then to study and trust in God, than to study and trust to head and pen; for a curse is pronounced upon all such: 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in an arm of flesh;' and what is the difference, whether a preacher puts it in his own arm, or the arm of his neighbor? Now I have not said this because I am biassed by any sectarian principle whatever; I should condemn it in one sect as much as in another. But what said our Lord? He said to his servants, 'Go and preach the gospel to every creature.' Why did he not say—Go, read my gospel to every creature? Therefore no man who reads his sermon, can be justified in so doing; for Jesus has said, 'Now are ye my disciples, if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you.' And if they who are the servants of God go astray, and do wrong continually, and place things where they ought not to be, no wonder the churches are all the time in commotion. But to proceed.

After I had attended the meeting a while, I had a desire to attend a methodist meeting, in the same neighborhood. This was altogether new to me; but it was interesting to attend them, and so much so, that I desired to be a constant attendant of them. By these meetings I was led to look more into the plan of salvation—that it was free for all: 'Whosoever would, let him come and take of the waters of life freely.'

It was now that the Lord began to revive his work. The powers of darkness began to gather round, that the light of the gospel might be shut out. Beelzebub was busy, both day and night, to prevent good. He employed all that would work for him, from the pharisee to the educated

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scholar in the desk—even down to the peasant and drunkard that reeled around in gutters and mud-puddles in the street. It was now that these people had to suffer much; they were openly called the scum and filth of the earth, deceivers, and, in a word, all the calumny that could be heaped upon them, by those who ought to have known better. It was said, that it was a disgrace for any character of respectability to attend these meetings. But I can say this much about it—I believe it arose from sectarian bigots. Not that I could suppose that they, [the methodists,] were free from it; but have as much as their neighbors; and it is the case with all sects, that they are more or less bigoted. And if they are, they need not join with the devil's crew, to do all the hurt they can to one another. This, to me, does not look much like religion.

But the work of God rolled on, like an overwhelming flood. Persecution seemed to cement the hearts of the brethren and sisters together, and their songs were sweet. Their prayers and exhortations were like arrows sticking in the heart of their King's enemy; while the preachers poured the thunders of the law upon them, as if God himself had spoken to them, as he did to the children of Israel from Mount Sinai, that they should fear and tremble at his word.

My heart now became much troubled, and I felt determined to seek the salvation of my soul, for their sayings did not affect me much—(although they did not want me to attend their meetings,) though I had neither respectability nor character to lose, but was like the partridge upon the mountain, a mark for them all to shoot at, and hiss at, and quack at,—which often put me in mind of the geese and crows.

But notwithstanding, this sectarian nonsense raged most bitterly, and I do suppose that they who could help it would not be willing for their dogs to go there to meeting, for fear of bringing disgrace upon themselves.—I would to God that people were more consistent than what they are. Say, would you like to lose every thing that was near and dear to you, merely because your skin is white? I had to do it, merely because I had a red one. Judge ye if this is

right; and if not, stop where you are, and cease to do evil and learn to do well. But again; as I had no character to lose, I became a constant attendant on these meetings, and although a sinner before God, yet I had no disposition to make sport of the people of God, or his word. Why I mention this is, because so many go on purpose to sport with one another, and make derision of the people of God; and those, too, who call themselves gentlemen and ladies. Such, however, disgrace themselves, and are, in the judgment of good men, and their Maker, below the beasts of the field. Shame! shame! shame! to be so indecent, who boast of so much correctness and p-rity! But, notwithstanding the people would be so bad, yet the 'Lord had respect unto his people, and his ears were open to the cries of his servants, and his ears were open to their supplication;' and in answer to prayer, he was pleased to revive his work—the Holy Ghost moved upon the face of the congregation; and his children were built up, and gathered strength at every meeting; and were built up in the most holy faith of the gospel, and soon the power of the Holy Ghost fell powerfully among the people, so that the cries of the wounded were distinctly heard at every part of the house. The great Physician of souls was present, to heal all that would come to him and seek his favor. Thus the work of God went on most powerfully; so much so that Satan and his army retreated, at times, before it; and then would gather around it like a thick cloud of darkness, and mimic the catamount, or owls of the forest, or the young lion, which had lost its mother, and roaring to be answered. But the Lord assisted his servants to overcome them, through the word of his testimony.

It was now that conviction settled upon my mind, more and more; and I was more serious than usual. But being young—only about fourteen years of age—was somewhat flighty; though when I considered how great a sinner I was before God, and how often I had grieved the good Spirit of the Lord, my distress for mercy was very great.

At one of these meetings I was induced to laugh; not because I wanted to, but to hide my distress from those around me. Being among the young people, I did not

wish for them to know it; but such was my seriousness, that it could not be hid, and I became affected, even unto tears, until they coursed down my cheeks like rain. And when the bold persecutors saw it, they inquired if I was one of the Lamb's people?

Brother Hill was at this time preaching from these words: 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' He spoke feelingly of his [Christ's] sufferings on the cross; of his precious blood, that flowed like a purifying river from his side; of his sustaining the accumulated weight of the sins of the whole world; and dying to satisfy the demands of justice, which could only be appeased by an infinite atonement. I felt convinced that Christ had died for all mankind; that age, sect, color, country or situation made no difference. I felt assured, that I was included in the plan of redemption, with all my brethren. No one can conceive with what joy I hailed this new doctrine, as it was called. It removed all my excuses, and I freely believed, that all I had to do, was to look in faith upon the Lamb of God, who made himself a free-will offering for unregenerated and wicked souls, upon the cross.—My spirits were depressed; my crimes were arrayed before me—and no tongue can tell the anguish of soul I felt.—After meeting, I returned home with a heavy heart, determined to seek the salvation of my soul.

This night I slept but little—at times I would be melted down into tenderness and tears; and then again, my heart would seem as hard as adamant. I was awfully tempted; the evil one would try to persuade me that I was not in the pale of mercy. I fancied that evil spirits stood around my bed; my condition was deplorable, and awful; and I longed for day to break, as much as the tempest tossed mariner, who expected every moment to be washed from the wreck he fondly clings to,—so it was with me, upon the wreck of the world, buffeted by Satan, assailed by the world;—sometimes in despair; then believing against hope—my heart at times, seemed almost broke, whilst the tears of contrition coursed down my cheeks like rain.

But sin was the cause of all this, and no wonder—I groaned and wept; I had often sinned, and my accumulated

transgressions had piled themselves as a rocky mountain upon my heart—and how could I endure it? The weight thereof seemed to crush me down—in the night seasons, I had fearful visions, and would often start from my sleep and gaze around the room, as I was ever in dread of seeing the evil one ready to carry me off. I continued in this frame of mind for more than seven weeks. My distress, finally, became so acute, that the family took notice of it—some of them persecuted me, because I was serious and fond of attending meetings. Now persecution raged on every hand, within and without; and I had none to take me by the hand and say, 'Go with us and we will do you good.' But in the midst of difficulties, so great to one only little more than fourteen years of age, I ceased not to pray for the salvation of my soul: very often my exercises were so great, that sleep departed from me. I was fearful that I should wake up in hell. And one night when I was in bed mourning, like the dove for her absent mate, I fell into a doze. I thought I saw the world on fire—it resembled a large bed of coals, red, and glowing with heat—I shall never forget the impression it made upon my mind. No tongue can tell or possibly describe, the agony of my soul; for now, I was greatly in fear of dropping into hell—that awful place, where the smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and ever; I cried earnestly for mercy—then I was carried to another place, where perfect happiness seemed to pervade every part, and the inhabitants thereof. O how I longed to be among them and partake of their happiness. I sighed to be freed from pain and misery; I knew that nothing but the attenuated thread of life kept me from sinking into the awful lake which I beheld. I cannot think it is in the power of human language to describe the feelings that rushed upon my mind at that moment or thrilled through my veins; every thing seemed to bear the signet of reality. When I awoke, I was glad to find it was a vision, and not a reality. I went on from day to day, with my head bowed down; seeking the Saviour of sinners, but without success. The heavens appeared to be brass—my prayers wanted the wings of faith to waft them to the skies. The disease of my heart increased; the heavenly Physician had not

stretched forth his hand and poured upon my soul the panacea of the gospel; the scales had not fallen from my eyes —and no ray of celestial light had dispelled the darkness that had gathered around my soul; the cheering sound of sincere friendship fell not upon my ear. It seemed as if I was friendless, unpitied and unknown; and at times, I wished to become a dweller in the wilderness. Who can wonder then that I was almost in despair, surrounded by difficulties and apparent dangers—but I was resolved to seek the salvation of my soul, with all my heart—to trust entirely to the Lord, and if I failed, to perish pleading for mercy at the foot of the throne. I now hung all my hopes upon the Redeemer—and clung with indescribable tenacity to the cross, on which he purchased salvation for my soul, 'the vilest of the vile.' The result was such as is always to be expected, when a lost and ruined sinner throws himself entirely on the Lord—*perfect freedom.* On the 15th day of *March* in the year of our Lord 1813, I heard a voice saying unto me, in soft and soothing accents, '*Arise, thy sins that are many are all forgiven thee; go in peace and sin no more.*' There was nothing very singular, save that the Lord stooped to lift me up, in my conversion.

I had been sent into the garden to work—and while there I lifted up my heart to God, when, all at once, my burden and fears left me—my soul was filled with love; love to God, and love to all mankind. O how my poor heart swelled with joy! and I would cry, 'Glory to God in the highest.' There was not only a change in my heart, but every thing around me. The scene was entirely changed—the works of God praised him, and I saw in every thing that he had made, his glory shine. My love now embraced the whole human family—the children of God, I loved most dearly. O, how I longed to be with them; and when any of them passed me, I would gaze at them until they were lost in the distance. I could have pressed them to my bosom, as they were more precious to me than gold, and I was always loth to part with them whenever we met together. The change, too, was visible in my very countenance. I enjoyed great peace of mind, and that peace was like a river, full, deep and wide, and flowing continually. My

mind was employed in contemplating the works of God, and in praising his holy name. I dwelt so particularly upon his mercy and goodness that I could praise him aloud; even in my sleep, and when I awoke, it was glory to God and the Lamb—and my heart burnt continually with the love of God. Well might the poet say,

'O for such love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.'

I continued in this happy frame of mind for some time—it was very pleasant to live in the enjoyment of pure and undefiled religion—and nought could I see, but seas of rest, and waves of glory before me. I wanted only the wings of angels, to waft me to paradise; that I might dwell around the throne of God forever. But alas! I dwelt in a tent below, that held me fast and would not let me go—and here to resist the fiend, the Christian's foe,—to war, and tug, and toil at the oar of prayer, till time with me no more should be—and then, if faithful to my Lord, with all the faithful saints should be.

But here I can say, I had none to make me the object of their care; to encourage me to press forward in the ways of well doing. But, on the other hand, persecution raged most bitterly, and soon I was deprived of that privilege that was near and dear to me—such as the privilege of class meetings and other means of grace, that are usually amongst the Methodists; and being young, I was again led astray. How hard it is to be robbed of all our earthly rights and deprived of the means of grace, merely because the skin is of a different color—such has been the case with me. I would ask the white man, if he thinks that he can be justified in making just such a being as I am, or any other person in the world unhappy; and although the white man finds so much fault because God has made me thus, yet if I have any vanity about it, I choose to remain as I am, and praise my Maker while I live that an Indian he has made.

But again; the burden that was heaped upon me, at this time, was more than I could bear, being only about fifteen years old, and I now began to relapse back again into my former state. I now became acquainted with wicked and

silly youths, and one of them whose name was *Miner*, and myself, agreed to try some other parts of the world. Children as we were, we made the best arrangements for our journey that we could—and so off we started, and steered our course for New York—with difficulties and fears we arrived there. Many of the people thought that we were sailor boys, as we informed them that we had been privateering and had been taken and set on shore near New London, and were going home to New York to our parents —and it being war time, we informed the people all we knew about it. When we had arrived at New York city, and almost alone in the world, and but little economy to take care of ourselves, we thought best to engage in the war.—So I became a musician in the army, while my comrade went on board of a privateer.

We now parted, and I went with the soldiers to Canada, where I experienced all the horrors of war —fought in the great battle of Lake Champlain, with General M'Comb, with Hampton and Wilkinson at the Mills. After the war was over I went to Montreal, and from thence to Upper Canada, Fort Niagara; from thence to Kingston, and through the wilderness, and saw many of my brethren who ornamented the wood with their camps, and chanted the wild beasts of prey with their songs. Being now satisfied with these regions and their curiosities, I now began to think of home, and those kindred friends who had long before buried me beneath the sods of the forest, to behold my face no more forever here—being gone so long, nearly five years.

This journey was not instructing to the paths of virtue, but of vice. Though I did not forget the past, and often recollected those happy moments, and sighed on account of my condition; but had no heart to pray, no pious parents to instruct me—no minister of God's holy word to notice me, and pour into my ear the blessed truths of God—but a poor destitute, helpless child of the forest, all alone in the world, as it were. I now made the best of my way home to my kindred in the flesh, and when I arrived there, I found them surprised and rejoiced to see me on this side of the grave. After a while I became more steady, and began once more to attend the worship of God; and had a desire

to return from my backsliding state, to the worship of God, that I might enjoy his smiles again. For it was now that I had become wretched and miserable through the deceitfulness of sin: and bad examples of the white soldiers, and nothing but thick darkness gathered around me; and apparently, my situation was worse than before. It was now harder to seek the Lord than it was when I was young —for now my sins were redoubled; and it appeared indeed that there was no mercy for me. And when I went to pray and call upon God for mercy, I was met by the enemy of souls who very readily thrusted a dart at me filled with a message of despair, that there was nothing but eternal death for me; that I had committed the unpardonable sin, by having sinned against the Holy Ghost, and it was all in vain for me to try again for help in God—that he was sure that I should make up his host in hell.

My distress became more acute than ever—but I attended the meetings where God's children meet, and at last I made known my distress to them; and they, the dear children of God, comforted me, by saying that Christ would have mercy upon the worst of sinners, and encouraged me to pray; and then prayed with and for me.

I sought the Lord for weeks and months, and at last I began to see that I had received some of his divine approbation: to say that I immediately had as clear an evidence as I had before, I cannot. But when I acknowledged myself a sinner before the people, and confessed what a sinner I had been, then the light of God's countenance broke into my soul, and I felt as if I were on the wings of angels, and ready to leave this world. I united with the Methodists and was baptized by immersion, and strove to walk with them in the way to heaven; and can say, that I spent many happy hours with them in the worship of God; and to this day, I most heartily rejoice that I was brought again from the dead to praise God. After a while, I began to exercise my gift in the way of prayer and exhortation, and was blest in so doing. I began to be exercised more abundantly about the salvation of precious souls, and began to have a desire to call sinners to repentance in a public way; and it appeared I could not rest in any other way; but I

knew that I was weak and ignorant as to the letter, and not only so, I was already a hissing-stock, and a by-word in the world, merely because I was a child of the forest; and to add any more occasion to the weak and scornful family of the whites, was more than I wished to do: but there was no peace for me, either by day or night. Go I must, and expose my ignorance to the world, and strive to preach, or exhort sinners to repentance. I soon found men like adders, with poison under their tongues, hissing around me; and to this day I find now and then one hissing at me. My trials again were many, and apparently more than I could bear; but I entreated of God to show me my duty, and prayed to him for a token of his grace, when I went to call sinners to repentance. The Lord heard prayer, and sent down his awakening power, and convinced sinners of the error of their ways; but I was too unbelieving; believing that I was not the character that God should take to thresh the mountains of sin. The angel of the Lord appeared to me in the visions of the night, and read some extracts of John's Gospel. It appeared that before me there was a plain, and upon that, the sun shone delightfully; but it was a difficult place for me to reach, being a dark and winding way, through mire, but I reached it; here I was encouraged by the angel to persevere. It was now when I awoke, that I was troubled still the more; and night and day it was preach, preach; though many thought it would be a miracle for such an ignorant creature as I to preach the gospel. But it is a fact that I had a difficult road to travel before I really got to preaching; but I can say that I have seen the salvation of the Lord in so doing, and God has made me, the unworthiest of all his servants, the humble, happy instrument in bringing many to bow at his sceptre. To Him be all the glory forever. I would now say that I have been a regular member in the Methodist Episcopal and Protestant Me. Church, for about nine years; in the E. P. Church I was an exhorter for eighteen months. I left them in good standing, and with good credentials, on April 11th, 1829 and united with the Protestant Methodists, not because I had any thing very special against the former, any further than their government was not republican. Their religion

is as good as it ever was. I have been in the Protestant church something like four years, as a preacher of the gospel ; and in that time have received holy orders, as an authorized minister of Christ, to attend to the duties of a pastor ; and I am no sectarian whatever, but boldly declare, that I have preached for all that would open their doors ; and all sects have bid me welcome ; and this is as it should be. May God pour his spirit upon them all, and all the world. Amen. WILLIAM APES.

THE

EXPERIENCE

OF THE

MISSIONARY'S CONSORT.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

I was born in Lyme, (Conn.) A. D. 1788, on the third day of January. My father was a descendant of one of the Spanish Islands, or a native of Spain. My mother was an English woman, a descendant of the Wood's family, of Lyme. My father died when I was small, and like all other fatherless children, I had to be placed out among strangers. My mother having but little property, and not being able to sustain me, being a poor child, this was done before I had arrived at my sixth year, and amongst people, too, who neither feared God nor regarded man, but blasphemed their blessed Maker, and that too, with the greatest impunity. The woman was a proud and haughty person, and often raged most bitterly at me, and that too, for the most trivial things. I had no pious parents or guardians to teach me the paths of virtue; I never recollect any serious impression made on my mind while I lived with these people, by their admonitions. One day it was suddenly suggested to my mind, that God saw me, and I was afraid to die. I was guilty before him, and I wished to find some place to hide from his presence; but, since I have found Jesus precious to my soul, I have regretted that I sought him not when I was young; but I had none to lead me to

the blessed fountain of holiness, where my sins might be washed away; there was none that cared for my precious soul.

I was now residing at Mr. D. Gillet's, in Lyme; being now about twelve years of age, and about this time a circumstance happened that it was thought best that I should go home. I went home, and there stayed about two months as senseless to the reality of a future state, as the beasts of the field. And then I was again bound out to Mr. Aniel Ely, in Lyme, where I continued until I was eighteen years of age. Mr. Ely was a member of the Presbyterian church. He used to say his prayers every Saturday night and Sunday morning; after a few times in attendance, I could say his prayer as well as he. I used to be at church on the Sabbath, but Mr. Ely never told me I had a soul to save or to lose. I could not tell what I went to meeting for, unless it was to see and be seen, and learn fashions; what the minister said, I understood not, nor did it affect my mind. Thus I went on, careless and prayerless for about two years. When I had advanced to fourteen years of age, there arrived in our neighborhood a Missionary, by the name of Bushnell. Before I heard him preach, he paid us a visit, and hearing much about him, I was anxious to see him, but did not wish for him to see me. I was afraid of ministers and professors of religion; I thought them a better people than others: but after tea, the missionary made his appearance to us in the room where the children were, and there he very affectionately exhorted us all. This was the first time that I had ever been warned to seek the salvation of my soul. His words sank deep on my mind; I began to weep as soon as he had left me; I went out, and for the first time I ever felt the need of praying or of a Saviour; I knelt and poured out my soul to God, that he would have mercy upon me; although I had never seen any body kneel, yet it was impressed on my mind that I must, and from that time I cried to God earnestly every day, during some months.

The missionary preached that Sabbath, and I attended all his meetings; the word was with power to my heart; I think he was the first man of God I ever heard preach.

During his stay, he visited at our house several times, and would always admonish me: I was pleased to hear him, but dare not make known the exercises of my mind to him. Mr. Bushnell expressed himself in such a way, that it had a powerful effect and made a lasting impression on my mind; that was, when he saw me employed about my daily work here, he hoped that he should meet me in heaven. I felt myself such a vile wretch, I could not see why he should speak so to me, a poor sinner. But I was ignorant of the power of divine grace, that could fit me for that place. Whilst Mr. B. stayed, my impressions were deeper and deeper, and I was daily resolved to seek the Lord, and leave the vanities of the world behind me. But he soon left the place, and when he was gone, there was not one in the place that ever afterwards presented the subject to me, only in the way of derision; even the children would laugh at me, and say that Mr. B. converted me. I had plenty of such aid from old and young.

Mr. Ely, although a member of the church, never mentioned the subject of religion to me while I lived with him. I pray God to have mercy upon all such church members. But through all the opposition and persecution I had, I strove to seek the salvation of my soul, and cry to God to help me; this I did for about six months, but I was tormented without and within. Mrs. Ely was a step-mother in the house and very wicked, and withal a very great tyrant: sometimes she would get angry at the other children and beat me, and for the most trifling thing. She would say to me at times, when I was meditating upon death and judgment, that my head was full of the evil one, and so much so, that I could not attend to what she wanted me to. But this only grieved me, and I would sorrow and weep in secret places. Here I would remark how much little children have to undergo, who are fatherless and motherless in the world, and what was I but a child; how much I wanted a tender, and affectionate, and pious mother to take me by the hand and instruct me, or some pious friend: how much good it would have done me; but I had none but a wicked and an unholy tyrant to discourage me. But I leave her, as she has long since gone to a just God who will do right. Poor wo-

man, she died as she lived, a poor and impenitent sinner. About this time the Methodists came into the neighborhood, and held meetings about a mile off: there was every thing said about them but good. It was said that they had the devil amongst them, and I believed it, and would as soon go to the house of ill-fame, as I would to their meetings. This prejudice only came, however, by the hearing of the ear, which made me as foolish as thousands of others have been on the same account.

However, I continued to pray, but I was alone; I had no one to communicate my feelings to but the Lord, and he at times, gave me sweet peace of mind: but I did not know that it was religion. I had no pious father or godly pastor to look after me, nor mother in Israel, to take me by the hand, and drop an encouraging word of sympathy over me; nor friends—none of these blessings was I favored with, and I am sure that I did not want the world any more then, than now. But having no pious instructer or christian examples before me, the enemy of my soul became too powerful for me. I had a proud heart, a tempting devil, an alluring world to flatter and decoy me away, and to its force I yielded—cast off fear, and restrained prayer. O how horrible was my situation now, and I again slid into rude company, gave away to the pride of my heart, and my most besetting sins were music and dancing. And how thankful I am that I was never led away as many poor females are, to disgrace themselves forever, and sometimes to swift destruction and to a miserable hell. I went on now in the way of folly, but not without conscience giving me a check at times, till I was 23 years of age. I would read my bible; at times I would be displeased with it, and the grand enemy of my soul would tempt me not to believe it; that it was a libel upon the world, and for a while I tried to believe it. But there was a passage that so forcibly struck my heart, that I could not doubt its correctness; that is, 'Except ye be converted and become as a little child, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.' The reason why I felt so indifferent, I suppose it originated from my being at Hartford, (Conn.) where I learned more evil than good; for I used to attend all the parties of recreation that

came in my way; and in reading those sacred pages, they condemned my former proceedings, and my heart was not willing to submit to them. But I would remark further; whilst I lived in Hartford, although I used to frequent the ball-chamber, yet when I returned home and meditated on death, judgment and eternity, it would blast all my imaginary happiness, and my heart would sink in sorrow down, because I was such a sinner. And while here in the city of Hartford, I heard of the Methodists, but it was only in the way of derision; I heard of their camp-meetings—that they had the most awful works that ever was known, or heard of; and I believed it—and took no pains to inform myself, but lived on the credit of hearsay.

But although I was such a wicked sinner, I could not bear the thought of going to hell. Yet I went on in rebellion against God, and did not seek for instruction; if I had, I do not doubt that I should have found it. Yet I felt sensible that, without religion, I must go to hell. But when I arrived to the age of twenty-one, I thought I would abandon all hopes of heaven, and if I went to hell, I should not go alone—that I should have plenty of company; so I thought I would rest easy where I was; and if I should live to old age, then I would seek the Lord, and get ready to die. But how little did I think of the uncertainty of life. But being now at my mother's home, and having been informed that the Methodist meetings were about two miles off, and was strongly invited by one of my neighbors to go to meeting with her. So notwithstanding I had united to make derision of them, with the rest of the wicked, yet for the first time, I thought that I would go; though all the neighbors around, with the exception of a few, told the same sad tale. Yet, thought I, it is no harm for me to go and hear for myself—so I went. I think I never shall forget the preacher's text; it was in Acts, xxiv. 25: 'And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance,' &c. And as the words fell from the preacher's lips, so it seemed to sink with weight into my heart—and its powerful effect was very great. I was convinced that I was a sinner, and must be lost without a Saviour. I saw that I was to blame for the sins I committed, and no one else. I began to tremble like a Felix. I saw it would not do to put off repentance until old age, for I saw

that time was short, and eternity near, and life uncertain, and death certain.

I ever afterwards attended the poor despised Methodist meetings; and while sitting under the preaching of the gospel, I felt myself such a lost sinner, that at times, I could not but just refrain from crying aloud for mercy. But I grieved the Holy Spirit again and again. I was afraid of persecution—not being willing to give up my good name, and become a follower of the meek and humble Jesus. Though conviction for sin did so powerfully sit upon me at times, I knew not what to do; yet, when my young mates came where I was, or I with them, I would join with them in their folly. O how hard it was to give them up, and the vanities of this life, for an interest in Christ Jesus. It is a wonder of mercy that he did not give me up to hardness of heart, and to a reprobate mind.

I wanted religion in my own way, and had a wish to have it, and keep it to myself. I kept along in this way about a year. I recollect at a thanksgiving, while at home, my mother wished me to attend with her, on an evening visit to a neighbor's house; but I felt very indifferent about going; but to please her, I gave my consent: but before we got to the house, I heard music and dancing: I wished to return and go no farther, for I knew that I had promised the Lord that I would not dance any more. I told my mother I did not wish to join them—but she insisted on my going, saying, that 'I was not obliged to dance;' so I yielded, and went along; and when we arrived there, I was very soon asked to dance—but I refused, with a determination not to: but my mother said that if she was young as Mary, she would. Hearing her say so, I thought if she would if she was able, surely it would be no hurt for me —so I went on to the floor, but not willingly; and when I began to dance, it seemed as if the floor would sink. I felt awfully—a condemned sinner before God. However, I staid, and spent the evening with them. I mention this to show how much parents may do in keeping their children from the kingdom of God: but my mother was irreligious, and I regret to this day, that I had no pious parents or teachers to instruct me. But after all, it is a won-

der that God did not take me out of the world, and send me to hell.

After I had arrived at my twenty-fourth year, the Lord seemed to blast all my earthly joys and schemes by sickness and disappointments; but I could see the hand of God in this; but what it could be for, I was not aware—but thought God was angry with me, and I did not know what he was going to do with me. Surely he led me in a way I knew not.

At that time I was away from home, nursing a sick woman. One night after I had retired, I was reading a hymn —'Come humble sinners, in whose breast;' and when I had come to this verse—

'I 'll go to Jesus though my sins,
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.'

I here viewed Jesus in the flesh, while upon earth, going about doing good, and his followers with him—and sinners falling at his feet, crying for mercy—and Jesus saying, son, daughter, go in peace and sin no more; for thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. There was such a deep sense of my transgressions before me, that I had committed against a holy God, that I could hardly contain myself. I thought if he had been here, how gladly would I have fallen at his feet, and implored forgiveness at his hand. I can truly say that I felt the need of mercy, but did not know how to obtain it: there was no one near me that prayed, and what to do I did not know. A thousand thoughts rushed through me as in a moment of time, but I tried to raise my heart to God, which seemed to quiet me a little. I was afraid to go to sleep, but some time in the night I fell into a doze, and when I awoke, it was impressed powerfully on my mind that I must break off my sins, and go in secret and pray—but how to, I knew not, I had been such a sinner before God; but I tried to lift my heart to God, and continued to do so a number of times during the day. I broke off from my outward sins, and strove to do better; but did not reveal my mind to any. I went home, burden-

ed with sin and guilt: I found no peace—there was a gloom spread over creation, and death seemed to be written on all: I said, and I wanted nothing but a preparation for it—for I had no desire for the things of this world—and sometimes I thought I took comfort in trying to pray, and singing one of Doctor Watts' psalms—to hope, to love, to pray, is all that I require. The enemy of my soul told me that I was good enough—that I could pray and praise, and that was all that God required of me.

I now went about to establish my own righteousness; I was a godly, formal saint; a pharisee within. I fear thousands build upon the same sandy foundation that I was then building upon. I praise God while I am writing, that he was jealous of his own glory and soon divested me of my rags of self-righteousness, and opened my eyes and showed me whereabouts I was—that I was a guilty, wretched, helpless sinner before him, and he only kept me from sinking down to the abyss of woe. I now read my bible: but it condemned me. I became angry at it, and with God, and wished to cast it from me—I thought it hard for me to submit to his will or go to hell. I envied all the dumb beasts of the field, because they were innocent, and had no souls. The very pains of hell got hold of me; and I thought if hell were as bad as my conscience, it might well be called hell.

However, I went to meeting, and said nothing to any one, nor they to me. It happened, that I was at a house where one of the class was employed; a very pious man. I made known my mind to him, and he encouraged me to be faithful. I informed him that I wanted to attend class; he informed his leader, and I had an invitation to attend, and was thankful for the privilege; and when they asked me the state of my mind, I told them the exercises and desires that I had; and they exhorted me to be faithful, to seek the Saviour of sinners. But I was so hard and stubborn that I despaired of mercy at his hand. My mind was now led back to my former days, when the Spirit of the Lord strove with me—I saw I might have had religion then, but now, there was no mercy for me—for I had sinned away my day of grace. The enemy said that God was unjust,

and would not forgive my sins, because I had sinned so long, and I must go to hell, and had better put an end to my existence and know the worst of my case. Although I saw the justice of God in condemning me, yet I was not willing to be miserable forever. I felt dejected, and cast down, and forsaken, and I wept before the Lord. I was burdened, on account of my sins; and when I walked out it seemed as if the earth would sink under me, and I should go down to darkness and sorrow to receive the punishment due that my crimes had merited—the worst person then living was better than I was; I went mourning from day to day, without any light of the Son, to cheer the dungeon of my soul; pride, unbelief, self-will, all combined to keep me from the Saviour of sinners. I doubted his power to save me, such a vile sinner as I was; I attended the meetings, and class, and from that dear people I was encouraged to press forward and obtain my object, the salvation of my soul. But when I was alone, my mind was filled with temptations and doubts and fears. I felt like a sinner justly condemned before God; I thought that if I should feel this distress for years, and then if God should pardon me, it would be an act of great mercy. I read my bible and prayed, and my distress increased daily; my appetite forsook me; I wished for no kind of food whatever. And at night I was sleepless, and I had striven to make myself better by the works of the law—but that increased my pain the more.

The verse of a hymn came to me—'I can but perish if I go; I am resolved to try—for if I stay away, I know I shall forever die.' I was resolved to seek Jesus while I lived, and if I perished, to perish at his feet. My distress rolled on, I could not work. I conld find no religion in reading or praying; I took my bible one afternoon, not knowing where I was a going; and it was rainy, so I thought I would stay until I found mercy, if mercy could be found. The Lord led me, for I never had been there before—for it was a complete shelter from the rain that was then falling. It was amongst the rocks; I spent the afternoon in reading, meditation and prayer—hoping, believing and doubting, I stayed there until it began to grow dark; before

I left the place I found some relief. I had some faith that Jesus had died to redeem my soul, and had risen again for my justification.

When I got home, it was so dark that I could not see to read; so I took my bible and a lamp, and the first chapter that I opened to was John xix. 30: 'When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished; and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.' These words were applied to my heart—it seemed as if Jesus spake to me himself, and said, 'All this I suffered for you, that you might live with me in heaven.' The plan of salvation was now opened to my view. The Son of God was revealed to me by faith, in all his offices, as prophet, priest, and king. With pleasing grief and mournful joy, my spirit now was filled; that I had such a life destroyed, yet live by him I killed. I wept and grieved because Jesus had died to redeem so vile a wretch as I. My load of sin and fear of hell were gone; and then I was forcibly struck with these lines of the poet:

'Come mourning souls, dry up your tears,
And banish all your guilty fears.'

My burden of sin now left me; my tears were dried up. I felt a sweet peace in my soul, but did not think this a change of heart.

I retired to rest, and there was a great calm. I awoke in the morning, and my soul was drawn out after God; and when I arose and looked around me upon the works of creation, everything wore a different aspect; everything I saw praised God; and I felt as if I had long been shut up in prison—my bonds were loosed, my chains were fallen off, and I was set at liberty. I wanted to proclaim to the whole world what God had done for my soul, and to my brethren and to my young mates, how happy I was, and what a dear Saviour I had found. I thought that I would go and publish it without delay; but I was ignorant of the devices of Satan. He very readily informed me that if I did, nobody would believe me. I listened to him, and went not. I have been sorry ever since, that I was not obedient to the heavenly vision; I thought that if a soul had been once cleansed from sin, that doubts and fears and darkness

would never return to trouble that soul any more—but in this I was mistaken, for they soon returned. On Sabbath morning, May, 1813, I went to meeting as usual, but my mind was filled with darkness and unbelief. After preaching, we had a class for the dear children of God to relate the exercises of their minds; and while they were relating theirs, I felt encouraged to press forward, for some of them spoke the feelings of my heart. But I did not tell them the exercises of mine; and when they asked me, I told them I did not feel such a burden; and felt determined to persevere.

They gave me their pious admonitions, and I praised God for such a privilege to meet with his dear children. At the close of the meeting the preacher prayed earnestly for me. The Lord heard and answered prayer, to the joy of my soul—for I felt peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and wanted to praise him aloud; but again, I grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and hid my talent in the earth, but they rejoiced and I kept silent—well might it be said, that the fear of man bringeth a snare. I felt a love for the dear people of God, and could join with them in worship, but did not believe that God had converted me into his grace. I returned home praising God, but was afraid that some one would hear me. I sung a verse of an hymn called the good Shepherd:

'Come, good Lord, with courage arm us;
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts doth leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.'

The last part of the verses spoke the sentiments of my heart. When I got home, I had a cross to take up, to confess to my mother. And the Lord gave me strength to do my duty; and after I had prayed with them, there was great peace that overspread my soul. I lived fearing and doubting until the next Thursday. And then, I visited my brethren where we had a prayer meeting—and then I strove to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. So I lived along from one worship to another, and the old saints

were instruments in the hands of God, in keeping me from falling a prey to the enemy of my soul, and the alluring charms of this vain world.

The hearing of the old pilgrims' songs, and their sweet admonitions, attended to buoy me up, and keep me from stumbling into the ditch of despair; for it stimulated me to move forward. And had it not been for them, I think I should have relapsed back again, and sunk down into the cradle of carnal security—for it was a common saying, that after a soul was once converted, there was no more danger, although the word of God taught me different as well as his Spirit. But weak and feeble minds like mine are apt to be led astray. But I praise God for pious instructers, that pointed out the way and bade me persevere. Had they taught me different, no doubt that I should have been like Mother Eve, who was so much deceived by the subtle foe—as you know that after God told her not to eat of the fruit of the garden which grew upon a certain tree, because it would be death. But Satan told her it would not be—but otherwise. And so he tells thousands; and it is to be feared, that too many give way to his flattering charms, and ruin their own souls.

But, friends, let them say what they will about the Methodists, I bless God that I ever knew them—for they taught me to believe in a present and full salvation, in order to obtain a crown of everlasting life. In June, 1813, I joined the society, and by this people, and the doctrines that they preached, I found it to be the power of God unto salvation to my poor soul. When I joined the Methodists, the preacher told me I must count the cost; that I must expect a great many falsehoods to be told about me. I found it even so. The wicked soon began to accuse me of things that I had done which I never even had thought of. I tried by the aid of Heaven to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man; for I knew that I had peace with him. It is said that 'He who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' If they called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more will they of his household! So I resolved by the grace of God to persevere, and give up all and take up the cross and follow

Christ through evil report as well as good—for they that followed Jesus should not walk in darkness, but have the light of life.

In July, myself and three other candidates were baptized by immersion by Elder Joel Winch, Salem, Conn. Truly the ordinance was blessed to me; it was a heaven below; a paradise indeed to my soul. I had such love, joy, and peace, that I thought that I never should doubt again—but in this I was mistaken; for it was not long before I doubted.

About August I went to camp meeting, hoping and praying that God would meet me there. I enjoyed myself well at the first of the meeting, but God had greater joy laid up for me. I tried in my weak way to exhort sinners, and to be faithful to seek the salvation of their souls.

One day upon the camp ground, there was a light from heaven shone into my soul, above the brightness of the sun. I lost sight of all earthly things—heaven was opened to my view, and the glory of the upper world beamed upon my soul. My body of clay was all that hindered my flying up to meet Jesus in the air. How long I remained in this happy frame of mind, I do not know. But when I came to my recollection, my christian friends were around me, singing the sweet songs of heaven; and I thought I was in the suburbs of glory. And when I saw them, they looked like angels, for they were praising God. I felt the love of God like a river flowing into my soul. From that time until the close of the meeting, I was happy. I now returned home rejoicing in God my Saviour. I thought that I never should be troubled with doubts and fears—but I was mistaken as before. The enemy of my soul tempted me and I again gave way, and like Sampson I lost all my strength, and I doubted of God's power to save me.

There was much said about sanctification, amongst our Methodist brethren—they said it was possible for God to cleanse us from all sin, and urged the members of our church to seek it and not rest short of it,—whilst others opposed it, and said it was impossible to live without sin, in this life, and to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, boldly denying the power and efficacy of his blood. I was weak and unbelieving, and finally doubted it myself, although I

read it was the will of God, even our sanctification—and if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all unrighteousness. I asked the Lord, in humble prayer, if this was attainable, and to show me what I am by nature, and what I ought to be by grace—for I was sure that I wanted as much grace as any body in the world, to get through it.

I prayed daily for the Lord to enlighten me, and teach me the way; for I wished to lay a sure foundation for the time to come. I continued my petition about one month—the Lord heard and answered my prayer, and opened my eyes, and I saw if I was not fully saved from sin, and made holy, I could never enter into the kingdom of God—for God was holy, and heaven was a holy place, and without holiness, no man should see the Lord.

I from that time read my bible more diligently, and sought the Lord by fasting and prayer—with a full determination not to stop short of full redemption in the blood of Christ. I went to a quarterly meeting in Goton, (Conn.) and there God manifested himself to me in such a powerful manner at that time, I fell prostrate upon the floor, insensible to all below: the last time I fell, I felt the blood of Jesus go through every avenue of the soul and body—cleansing me from the filthiness of the flesh and spirit. The Spirit bade me arise and tell what God had done for my soul; but I was again disobedient. After that, I was almost in despair, through unbelief. I struggled in darkness for some time: at last a divine ray of light broke into my soul. I then promised the Lord if he would give me the evidence of full redemption in my heart, that I would proclaim it to all the world, come what would.

I attended a camp-meeting, at Wilbraham, Mass. The power of the Lord was manifested in a wonderful manner, and there was a general cry amongst believers, for full redemption in the blood of Jesus—and I felt the cry in my own heart. I prayed, and cried, and struggled, and almost despaired of obtaining my object. But before the meeting closed, God in Christ showed himself mighty to save, and strong to deliver. I felt the mighty power of God again, like electric fire go through every part of me—cleans-

ing me throughout soul, flesh and spirit. I felt now that I was purified, sanctified and justified. I had no fears. I could now shout victory through the blood of the Lamb. The words of the poet would best express my feelings :

> ' That sacred awe—that durst not move,
> All the silent heaven of love.'

From that time until now, I have never doubted the power of God, to save all who by faith would come unto him—that is about seventeen years ago ; and I find him still the same unchangeable, blessed Saviour. His mercy always full and boundless as the ocean. I find it as good to my soul now, as it was then ; yea, I can say that it grows brighter and brighter, and do expect it will, even to the perfect day, if I am faithful. Then through the merits of Jesus, I expect to hear the welcome sound, ' Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ;' where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and there with the happy throng shout, and sing our sufferings over, around the throne of God. Then I should behold that great and innumerable company, ' that came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them clean and white in the blood of the Lamb,' and have overcome, through the word of his testimony. There we shall be at rest, and the wicked shall cease from troubling us. Glory fills my soul while I meditate upon the moment, when, through grace, I shall unite with them there.

I have now given you a sketch of the dealings of God with one of his most unworthy creatures. I am a spared monument of his mercy ; and through his rich grace I hope to stand fast, until he takes me from time, to enter into his heavenly kingdom. May this be the happy lot of us all, is the prayer of your unworthy writer,

MARY APES.

THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

HANNAH CALEB.

BY THE MISSIONARY.

I was born in Groton, Conn. My mother died when I was about six years old—her dying request was, that I might be placed amongst educated people, who would teach me to read God's holy word. I accordingly was placed in a white family, to be brought up. The gentleman's name, with whom I was placed, was Mr. James Avery, where I continued twelve years. They were a pious people, and by them I was instructed in the paths of virtue. But how much I have to regret that I did not take heed to my ways and in the days of my youth, seek the salvation of my soul —then I should have been prepared to meet those troubles and trials which are incident to human life. But oh! how dark and dreary is the world without the sun! so is the way of sinners without the Sun of righteousness, to cheer and light up their dark and gloomy paths, through this wilderness world. But let us return—at the age of nineteen years I was married, and had ultimately five children. My husband was a soldier in the French army, and died in Canada—and with this trial, I met with many more—the loss of all my dear children. And when the bosom friend, the darling of all my earthly career was gone, with whom I

should no more associate in time, it was almost too much for me to bear: but oh! when I turned to look for my children, at the seats and the table that they once surrounded, and at their pillows, which I had watched over with the affection of a fond mother, and had often pressed them to my breast, while tears fell like rain from their sparkling eyes upon my bosom, and had strove to hush them! But behold, they were no more; but all of them locked up in the cold caverns of the earth; and I, their faces no more to behold in time—they were fled to the world of spirits, to Him who had created them.

Thus my husband was gone—the darling of my heart—with my babes, the sweet objects of my care: thus, being stripped of my earthly glory, I was left naked and wounded. I now became alarmed about my future welfare—for the Lord was at this time pleased to discover to me the lost condition of my poor soul. My conviction of sin was severe, but notwithstanding this, I was indifferent—not knowing how to help myself; but the anguish of my soul which I felt, no tongue can tell—for it was keen and pungent; and withal I felt a great enmity to the christian religion, often wishing, in the depravity of my heart, I had been left like the rest of my kindred, ignorant and unknown. This may be surprising to some, but I can assure you there was a cause for this. I saw such a great inconsistency in their precepts and examples, that I could not believe them. They openly professed to love one another, as christians, and every people of all nations whom God hath made—and yet they would backbite each other, and quarrel with one another, and would not so much as eat and drink together, nor worship God together. And not only so, the poor Indians, the poor Indians, the people to whom I was wedded by the common ties of nature, were set at nought by those noble professors of grace, merely because we were Indians—and I had to bear a part with them, being of the same coin; when in fact, with the same abilities, with a white skin, I should have been looked upon with honor and respect.

But it is a fact, that whites, with the same principle would turn against their own kin, if the providence of God

should have happened to change the shades of their complexion, although the same flesh and feelings. How must I feel, possessing the same powers of mind, with the same flesh and blood, and all we differed, was merely in looks? or how would you feel? Judge ye. Though you never have been thrust out of society, and set at nought, and placed beyond the notice of all, and hissed at as we have been —and I pray God you never may be. These pictures of distress and shame were enough to make me cry out, O horrid inconsistency—who would be a christian? But I remark here, that I did not understand frail nature as I ought, to judge rightly. I would remark here, that these feelings were more peculiar 70 years ago, than now—what their feelings would be now, if the Indians owned as much land as they did then, I cannot say. I leave the man of avarice to judge.

But we observe further—the Lord was pleased in great mercy to continue the work of grace upon my heart—so I made bold to inquire by going from one christian friend to another, asking questions about the way, and what I must do to be saved. They all said that I must pray, and look to the Lord as my Saviour and friend. They told me that Jesus Christ died for sinners, even such as I, who was the chief of sinners. This encouraged me to pray, but I could find no comfort in so doing. I continued almost a year between hope and despair, wretched and miserable; without God and without hope in the world. The grand enemy of all good, strove to decoy my mind away from my desired object, and had well nigh effected his scheme, for he suggested to me that there was no mercy for such sinners as I was. I used to roam whole days in my native forest, weeping and wailing on account of my sins—seeking the Saviour of sinners—friendless, as I thought, upitied and unknown. As I was walking by the side of a large pond, the enemy whispered to me to throw myself in and there end my days of sorrow and affliction. I was quick to obey. I got upon a log for that purpose—but a voice seemed to say to me, 'Hannah, my mercy is as free for thee as this water, and boundless as the ocean.' The tempter fled; my mind was calm, and I returned home, thinking that my distress would

return no more—but in this I was disappointed: soon all my doubts returned, and I could say with Job, 'Thou hast shaken me to pieces; all my bones are out of joint.' I was very weak—eating but just enough to keep soul and body united; often sleeping on the cold ground, and frequently not closing my eyes for nights together. However, I sometimes took great comfort in visiting the dear children of God; some of whom I went many miles to see, and hear them converse and pray for me. They pitied me, and strove to comfort me, but all in vain.

I went out one evening, thinking that I should not return any more, to behold my kindred in the flesh, or see the morning dawn—and there I prostrated myself before God, and lifted up my hands to heaven, and, in the language of parting friends, I bade farewell to the moon, to the stars, and all creation—this earthly vision no more to behold in time. But withal, I prayed that if it was God's will I might live a while longer—for I was not ready to die—and see those praying people, and hear one more prayer for my perishing soul, that I might be saved from hell, and everlasting destruction, from the presence of God, and the glory of his power forever: for surely I thought it would be the place of my abode forever. But the Lord heard prayer and spared me—and when the morning beamed forth, and my eyes caught her rising, I exclaimed, O that I might hear one more prayer for my poor soul. But it was suggested to me that christians could not help me. I then turned from the world and the prayers of the saints and went into the wilderness and sat myself down, and I had an impression that I must sing. I thought, How could I sing of redeeming grace and dying love? O, the answer was, 'Sing, for his mercy endureth forever.' I must praise God for that—but where to begin, I knew not, but thought I would try. So I began this way—Glory to God the Father, glory to God the Son, glory to God the Holy Ghost, glory to God alone. After I had done singing, I had a desire to pray; but I thought, what shall I say? O, I am a poor sinner. Lord have mercy upon me, a poor sinner. As I said so, glory seemed to break in upon my soul, and I was dissolved into the love of God, apparently, soul, body and spirit. The

heavens seemed to descend, and with them an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect. They seemed to throng me—I was overcome with the vision. My whole soul was lost in wonder, love and praise to God. I was enabled to join the heavenly company, and sing the wonders of redeeming grace, and dying love.

My sins were all gone—I felt no longer their burden. I was transported, as it were, to the third heaven. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. Thus you see, my friends, that I was all night in prayer to God ; and as I observed, the Lord pitied me, and washed away all my sins. I then returned to my christian friends with the lightness of an angel ; with my heart tuned to sing the praise of God and the Lamb, with them, who had struggled so hard at the throne of grace for me. And I began to publish to them what the Lord had done for my soul, and warning sinners wherever I went, to flee from the wrath to come.

Surely, I could say, ' Old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new.' I could say there was no more enmity in my heart—that I loved white people as well as my own. I wonder if all white christians love poor Indians ? if they did, they would never hurt them any more. And certainly, if they felt as I did, they would not. For I could say as John said ; ' He that is born of God, has the witness in himself.'

Thus I went on from day to day, in the service of my God, praising him all the while, and no cloud to darken my sky. O how happy, happy, was my soul ; continually full of glory, glory.

Here the publisher would take the liberty of making a few remarks. Not being personally acquainted with sister Caleb, I am not able to give her age and date of her conversion, precisely. But being furnished by a young lady of respectability and piety, with a copy, I have therefore no doubt of its authenticity. But nearly all my relations, and a part of my family were acquainted with her personally. And here I would say a few things which you may place confidence in, respecting her. This dear child of the forest was translated into the kingdom of God, as near as we

can learn, at the age of forty years—and, as far as we can learn, she lived faithful through life. Sister Caleb was remarkable for her liberality, so that she not only had the precept but the example. She knew no sect but that of the Nazarenes—for she would go into all houses of worship and exhort sinners—and eat and drink at the Lord's table wherever it was spread, to show forth his death till he come; though she herself united to the Free-will Baptists, to be under their watchful care.

Sister Caleb was also noted by all sects, to be an example of piety—to all the world she was useful in temporal matters, such as teaching the young children of her tribe to read, while at other times she would instruct them and others by precept and example, in the way to heaven and happiness. I can tell you, friends, that she lived in the faith of the gospel—and thus lived and died our good sister in the Lord, after nearly half a century from her conversion. She fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, and went down to the grave with a joyful hope—big with immortality, of a glorious resurrection in Christ at the last trump—while her soul was wafted upon the wings of angels to the spirit land, to dwell around the throne of God forever and ever. There her trials are at an end, there she dwells in seas of rest—while before her waves of glory roll, and shouts of glory echofrom the throne. W. A.

THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

SALLY GEORGE.

BY THE MISSIONARY.

I was born in Groton, Conn. 1779, and was brought up without any education, as to understanding the letter in any way whatever. And although there were many around us who were very zealous that we should have instruction, and be brought up well, yet but little was done towards it—I being left in general to wander to and fro, up and down the forest with my native kin. But surely I have many things to praise God for. Although I had not those inestimable privileges that some had and do have, yet I can say that I had some that many do not have, in time; there are many of my brethren who do not, that are in the wide and western world. For they do not enjoy any instruction whatever. While poor me, although ignorant and unknown, yet I had some precious privileges; such as hearing God's holy word, and having good advice from those who were mother's in Israel. And, taught by the Spirit, they would beseech of me to be reconciled to God—and they were those of my own kin; and often they would do it with streaming eyes and melted hearts. Sometimes I would take a degree of interest in it, and at other times I would be

quite indifferent about it—and at other times my young mates would lead me astray with their rudeness, being only about twelve or thirteen years old.

I continued in this way for some time, between hope and despair; but they continued to call after me, and the Holy Spirit seconded their efforts constantly, and often it was so powerful that my little heart would melt down into tenderness, and what to do with myself I knew not. I felt at times melancholy and dejected; but notwithstanding this, I was encouraged by many to seek the salvation of my soul. But it was hard to leave my young mates; yet without religion I knew that I must be miserable and wretched forever. But what to do I did not know, and how to pray I knew not. I wandered up and down in the forest, weeping and mourning on the account of my sins, not knowing that I ever should enjoy happiness either in time or eternity. The enemy now would take the advantage of my youthful mind, and suggest to me that there was no happiness for me—I must spend all the rest of my days in sorrow. The enemy of my soul followed hard after me, and withal tempted me to destroy myself.

I had become now a wanderer alone, as it were, in my native woods; and one day as I was passing by a large deep brook, the enemy of my soul tempted me to destroy myself in that place, by casting myself in. But I strove to raise my little heart to God, that he would have mercy upon my soul and save me. While thus exercised in prayer to God for his kind protection, I fell to the earth as one dead, under the power of God. And while in this situation, I saw the pit of destruction opened for poor sinners; it was no imagination either—it was a solemn reality—it was plain before me. My soul was in sore distress, and I expected nothing but hell for my portion forever. I lay in this situation for some time as helpless as an infant, begging for the mercy of God,—promising to him that I would be faithful to serve him all the days of my life. The Lord heard prayer and sent down his melting grace into my soul; and before I arose from the ground I was translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. For when I came to myself I was praising God—there was a change in every-

thing around me—the glory of the Lord shone around,—all creation praised God ; my burden and my fears were gone—the tempter had fled, and I was clothed and in my right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

I now returned home to my friends, and began to exhort my young mates to repentance, and to tell all that came in my way what the Lord had done for my soul. I then went to the church and told it there, and the dear children of God received me. I then with a servant of God went down to the banks of the river and was buried with Christ by immersion beneath the great water—and when I came up out of the water the glory of God descended and lighted upon my soul ; and so I could rejoice continually, and say the one half was never told me about this Jesus whom many deride.—'*Behold ye despisers, wonder and perish—I work a work in your day ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.*' And although I could not read, the Spirit of the Lord was with me to instruct me in the way of holiness, and upon my heart was printed the image of my Saviour, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. My soul was bathed in the love of God—it was glory, and I was lost in wonder, love and praise. I forgot all things here below, and rode in the chariot of his love daily.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all my powers, soul and body, praise him, for glory is his due forever and ever. Amen—so let it be.

I remark here that the experience of this female was an Aunt upon my father's side, and personal acquaintance we had with each other. She belonged to the same church that sister Caleb did, and they were well acquainted with each other. She was a member of the church about thirty years, and for the most of the time, as far as I can learn, she lived in the life and power of religion. I have attended a great many meetings with sister George, and I do not recollect that she ever had a barren season to her soul. She often meted out to my soul the sincere milk of the word, which gave me strength in the Lord to persevere. The Lord of a truth was with her. She was always diligent to seek Jesus in the way. The fences, the groves, the forest, all will witness to the fact.

Her organic power of communication when tuned with heavenly zeal, and burnt with heavenly love, was delightful, charming and eloquent. I never knew her to speak unless the congregation was watered by an overwhelming flood of tears. She feared not to warn sinners to repentance while she lived. She was no sectarian—she would go amongst all orders of christians and worship God with them, and was entirely free so to do. And I believe that she felt as much for her white neighbors as for her own kindred in the flesh.

She was counted almost a preacher; her language was free, lively and animating—she was also very industrious and active; her limbs would play as lively over the ground as a deer. I have set out to walk with her twenty miles to a meeting, several times in my life, and generally I had to keep upon the slow pace to keep up with her. In three hours and a half from the time we started, we were there. She was also skilled in doctoring the sick, and was useful wherever she went—and in this way procured for herself a very great share of christian and friendly patronage among all who knew her. And whilst visiting the sick she would often pour into their ear the balm of consolation, and refer them to the blessed Jesus, who could heal both soul and body. Where she met with the sin-sick soul, she would pour into their ears the oil of joy, and point them to Jesus who taketh away the sin of the world—the only sovereign remedy for sin-sick sinners. Our sister was noted generally by all for her piety through life.

At the close of her life there was a remarkable circumstance which took place, that is respecting a visit which she desired to make to a neighboring village about eight miles off. But I would remark that previous to this she was much debilitated in body, which was caused by a lingering disease, supposed to be somewhat dropsical and consumptive, and did not at times keep about, but was confined to her bed. She lived a widow and withal very comfortable, and used to entertain all her brethren that came to her. There were some of her brethren whom she desired to see, and said the Lord would give her strength to perform the journey; and so she arose, as it were, from a sick bed,

and through the strength of the Lord she was enabled to go—and while there she enjoyed some christian conversation ; had a few good meetings and bade her brethren farewell, to meet no more in time—and returned home to die. She was now composed and ready to die,—and in two weeks afterwards, she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, without a struggle or a groan, May 6th, 1826, aged forty-five years.

At the last, the fear of death was taken away, and her dying bed was glorious and interesting. Her friends were many, both natives and whites. The whites paid to her remains the last tribute of respect, which is due to christians, and united in shedding the tears of sympathy and depositing her remains in the dark and lonesome caverns of the earth, there to remain, locked up in the cold and icy arms of death—'till the blast of the Archangel shall blow out the sun, and pour the stars upon the earth like rain ; then shall her ransomed dust revive, and in the Saviour's image rise. But while she sleeps in dust below, she bathes her weary soul in seas of heavenly rest, and not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast—O, reader, strive to meet her there.

W. A.

THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

ANNE WAMPLY.

BY THE MISSIONARY.

In the year 1831, I was sent by the New York annual conference of the Protestant Methodists, to visit this tribe and preach to them. Being my native tribe, I took pleasure in so doing; and when I arrived to the place of my destination, I found them a poor miserable company. But I intend to speak further in another place, and shall proceed with her experience.

I commenced exhorting them to flee the wrath to come —there was an old veteran of the woods, who despised all that was said to her upon the subject of salvation, and would use very bad language in her way, being not able to speak plain English; however, the Lord reached her heart, and many others, and there was a work of God amongst us. Sister Anne was brought to bow and humble herself at the feet of Jesus, after she had experienced the holy religion of Jesus. She then was free to tell the exercises of her mind, and not till then. We will give it to you in her own language;—it is broken, but you can understand it. She began thus:—When christian come talk with me, me no like 'em; me no want to see 'em; me love nobody; I want

no religion. But sister Amy no let me alone; she talk a great deal to me about Jesus. Sister Apes too come talk pray for me. I be afraid I should see em and me no want to hear em—byme by me come trouble very much; me very much troubled. Me no like christians, me hate em; hate every body—byme by me very much troubled; me get sick, me afraid I die—me go pray, go off all alone in the woods—me afraid I go to hell; me pray; byme by Jesus come take me by the hand lead me a great way off—show me one place look like hell; me come close to it so me feel it—me afraid I fall in; me cry to Jesus to have mercy on poor me. He take me by the hand again and lead me back,—show me one great mountain all full of crevices; he say I must make that all smooth before I come again. I say hard work; I afraid I go to hell at last. I pray I look to Jesus; byme by me give up, then me feel light, like one feather; me want to die me want to fly—me want to go home; me love every body, me want to drink no more *rum*. I want this good religion all the time.' She now began to exhort sinners. 'I wish I could talk like white folks, me would tell every body how I love Jesus; then she said to the young people, don't do like I done, me old sinner—great many years me sin, do wickedly; come love Jesus; I want every body to come love Jesus. O how I love Jesus; me want every body to pray for me, so I get to heaven where Jesus is.' She looked upon me just as I was about to leave her, and with streaming eyes said, Pray for me that I go to heaven. And while I was thus beholding her face and viewing the tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, it did me good—for I beheld glory beaming in her countenance which bespoke the expression of the inward man.

Our sister was born in Groton, (Conn.) A. D. 1760—lived in sin rising 70 years, brought up in ignorance and prodigality till old age, and then snatched as a brand from the burning, and translated into the glorious light of the gospel, and made an heir of all things. How good and kind is God to all men; notwithstanding they live long in sin and rebel against him, yet he is willing to have mercy upon all that will come unto him, let them be ever so great and unprofitable sinners.

Should this happen to fall into the hands of any old transgressor that has not become wise above what is written, I hope they will remember that they will want Master Jesus as well as sister Anne Wampy. Lord help, Amen.

W. A.

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HAVING a desire to place a few things before my fellow creatures who are travelling with me to the grave, and to that God who is the maker and preserver both of the white man and the Indian, whose abilities are the same, and who are to be judged by one God, who will show no favor to outward appearances, but will judge righteousness. Now I ask if degradation has not been heaped long enough upon the Indians? And if so, can there not be a compromise; is it right to hold and promote prejudices? If not, why not put them all away? I mean here amongst those who are civilized. It may be that many are ignorant of the situation of many of my brethren within the limits of New England. Let me for a few moments turn your attention to the reservations in the different states of New England, and, with but few exceptions, we shall find them as follows: The most mean, abject, miserable race of beings in the world—a complete place of prodigality and prostitution.

Let a gentleman and lady, of integrity and respectability visit these places, and they would be surprised; as they wandered from one hut to the other they would view with the females who are left alone, children half starved, and some almost as naked as they came into the world. And it is a fact that I have seen them as much so—while the females are left without protection, and are seduced by white men, and are finally left to be common prostitutes for them, and to be destroyed by that burning, fiery curse, that

has swept millions, both of red and white men, into the grave with sorrow and disgrace—Rum. One reason why they are left so is, because their most sensible and active men are absent at sea. Another reason is, because they are made to believe they are minors and have not the abilities given them from God, to take care of themselves, without it is to see to a few little articles, such as baskets and brooms. Their land is in common stock, and they have nothing to make them enterprising.

Another reason is because those men who are Agents, many of them are unfaithful, and care not whether the Indians live or die; they are much imposed upon by their neighbors who have no principle. They would think it no crime to go upon Indian lands and cut and carry off their most valuable timber, or any thing else they chose; and I doubt not but they think it clear gain. Another reason is because they have no education to take care of themselves; if they had, I would risk them to take care of their own property.

Now I will ask, if the Indians are not called the most ingenious people amongst us? And are they not said to be men of talents? And I would ask, could there be a more efficient way to distress and murder them by inches than the way they have taken? And there is no people in the world but who may be destroyed in the same way. Now if these people are what they are held up in our view to be, I would take the liberty to ask why they are not brought forward and pains taken to educate them? to give them all a common education, and those of the brightest and first-rate talents put forward and held up to office. Perhaps some unholy, unprincipled men would cry out, the skin was not good enough; but stop friends—I am not talking about the skin, but about principles. I would ask if there cannot be as good feelings and principles under a red skin as there can be under a white? And let me ask, is it not on the account of a bad principle, that we who are red children have had to suffer so much as we have? And let me ask, did not this bad principle proceed from the whites or their forefathers? And I would ask, is it worth while to nourish it any longer? If not, then let us have a change; although

some men no doubt will spout their corrupt principles against it, that are in the halls of legislation and elsewhere. But I presume this kind of talk will seem surprising and horrible. I do not see why it should so long as they (the whites) say that they think as much of us as they do of themselves.

This I have heard repeatedly, from the most respectable gentlemen and ladies—and having heard so much precept, I should now wish to see the example. And I would ask who has a better right to look for these things than the naturalist himself—the candid man would say none.

I know that many say that they are willing, perhaps the majority of the people, that we should enjoy our rights and privileges as they do. If so, I would ask why are not we protected in our persons and property throughout the Union? Is it not because there reigns in the breast of many who are leaders, a most unrighteous, unbecoming and impure black principle, and as corrupt and unholy as it can be—while these very same unfeeling, self-esteemed characters pretend to take the skin as a pretext to keep us from our unalienable and lawful rights? I would ask you if you would like to be disfranchised from all your rights, merely because your skin is white, and for no other crime? I 'll venture to say, these very characters who hold the skin to be such a barrier in the way, would be the first to cry out, injustice! awful injustice!

But, reader, I acknowledge that this is a confused world, and I am not seeking for office; but merely placing before you the black inconsistency that you place before me—which is ten times blacker than any skin that you will find in the Universe. And now let me exhort you to do away that principle, as it appears ten times worse in the sight of God and candid men, than skins of color—more disgrace ful than all the skins that Jehovah ever made. If black or red skins, or any other skin of color is disgraceful to God, it appears that he has disgraced himself a great deal—for he has made fifteen colored people to one white, and placed them here upon this earth.

Now let me ask you, white man, if it is a disgrace for to eat, drink and sleep with the image of God, or sit, or

walk and talk with them? Or have you the folly to think that the white man, being one in fifteen or sixteen, are the only beloved images of God? Assemble all nations together in your imagination, and then let the whites be seated amongst them, and then let us look for the whites, and I doubt not it would be hard finding them; for to the rest of the nations, they are still but a handful. Now suppose these skins were put together, and each skin had its national crimes written upon it—which skin do you think would have the greatest? I will ask one question more. Can you charge the Indians with robbing a nation almost of their whole Continent, and murdering their women and children, and then depriving the remainder of their lawful rights, that nature and God require them to have? And to cap the climax, rob another nation to till their grounds, and welter out their days under the lash with hunger and fatigue under the scorching rays of a burning sun? I should look at all the skins, and I know that when I cast my eye upon that white skin, and if I saw those crimes written upon it, I should enter my protest against it immediately, and cleave to that which is more honorable. And I can tell you that I am satisfied with the manner of my creation, fully—whether others are or not.

But we will strive to penetrate more fully into the conduct of those who profess to have pure principles, and who tell us to follow Jesus Christ and imitate him and have his Spirit. Let us see if they come any where near him and his ancient disciples. The first thing we are to look at, are his precepts, of which we will mention a few. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two precepts hang all the law and the prophets.—Matt. xxii. 37, 38, 39, 40. By this shall all men know that they are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'—John xiii. 35. Our Lord left this special command with his followers, that they should love one another.

Again, John in his Epistles says, 'He who loveth God, loveth his brother also.'—iv. 21. 'Let us not love in word

but in deed.'—iii. 18. 'Let your love be without dissimulation. See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.'—1. Peter, viii. 22. 'If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.'—John iv. 20. 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' The first thing that takes our attention, is the saying of Jesus, 'Thou shalt love,' &c. The first question I would ask my brethren in the ministry, as well as that of the membership, What is love, or its effects? Now if they who teach are not essentially affected with pure love, the love of God, how can they teach as they ought? Again, the holy teachers of old said, 'Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'—Rom. viii. 9. Now my brethren in the ministry, let me ask you a few sincere questions. Did you ever hear or read of Christ teaching his disciples that they ought to despise one because his skin was different from theirs? Jesus Christ being a Jew, and those of his Apostles certainly were not whites,—and did not he who completed the plan of salvation complete it for the whites as well as for the Jews, and others? And were not the whites the most degraded people on the earth at that time, and none were more so; for they sacrificed their children to dumb idols! And did not St. Paul labor more abundantly for building up a christian nation amongst you than any of the Apostles. And you know as well as I that you are not indebted to a principle beneath a white skin for your religious services, but to a colored one.

What then is the matter now; is not religion the same now under a colored skin as it ever was? If so I would ask why is not a man of color respected; you may say as many say, we have white men enough. But was this the spirit of Christ and his Apostles? If it had been, there would not have been one white preacher in the world—for Jesus Christ never would have imparted his grace or word to them, for he could forever have withheld it from them. But we find that Jesus Christ and his Apostles never looked at the outward appearances. Jesus in particular looked at the hearts, and his Apostles through him being discerners of the spirit, looked at their fruit without any regard to the

skin, color or nation; as St. Paul himself speaks, 'Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free—but Christ is all and in all.' If you can find a spirit like Jesus Christ and his Apostles prevailing now in any of the white congregations, I should like to know it. I ask, is it not the case that every body that is not white is treated with contempt and counted as barbarians? And I ask if the word of God justifies the white man in so doing? When the prophets prophesied, of whom did they speak? When they spoke of heathens, was it not the whites and others who were counted Gentiles? And I ask if all nations with the exception of the Jews were not counted heathens? and according to the writings of some, it could not mean the Indians, for they are counted Jews. And now I would ask, why is all this distinction made among these christian societies? I would ask what is all this ado about Missionary Societies, if it be not to christianize those who are not christians? And what is it for? To degrade them worse, to bring them into society where they must welter out their days in disgrace merely because their skin is of a different complexion. What folly it is to try to make the state of human society worse than it is. How astonished some may be at this—but let me ask, is it not so? Let me refer you to the churches only. And my brethren, is there any agreement? Do brethren and sisters love one another?—Do they not rather hate one another. Outward forms and ceremonies, the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and pride of life is of more value to many professors, than the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, or an attachment to his altar, to his ordinances or to his children. But you may ask who are the children of God? perhaps you may say none but white. If so, the word of the Lord is not true.

I will refer you to St. Peter's precepts—Acts 10. 'God is no respecter of persons'—&c. Now if this is the case, my white brother, what better are you than God? And if no better, why do you who profess his gospel and to have his spirit, act so contrary to it? Let me ask why the men of a different skin are so dispised, why are not they educated and placed in your pulpits? I ask if his services well per-

formed are not as good as if a white man performed them? I ask if a marriage or a funeral ceremony, or the ordinance of the Lord's house would not be as acceptable in the sight of God as though he was white? And if so, why is it not to you? I ask again, why is it not as acceptable to have men to exercise their office in one place as well as in another? Perhaps you will say that if we admit you to all of these privileges you will want more. I expect that I can guess what that is—Why, say you, there would be intermarriages. How that would be I am not able to say—and if it should be, it would be nothing strange or new to me; for I can assure you that I know a great many that have intermarried, both of the whites and the Indians—and many are their sons and daughters—and people too of the first respectability. And I could point to some in the famous city of Boston and elsewhere. You may now look at the disgraceful act in the statute law passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and behold the fifty pound fine levied upon any Clergyman or Justice of the Peace that dare to encourage the laws of God and nature by a legitimate union in holy wedlock between the Indians and whites. I would ask how this looks to your law makers. I would ask if this corresponds with your sayings—that you think as much of the Indians as you do of the whites. I do not wonder that you blush many of you while you read; for many have broken the ill-fated laws made by man to hedge up the laws of God and nature. I would ask if they who have made the law have not broken it—but there is no other state in New England that has this law but Massachusetts; and I think as many of you do not, that you have done yourselves no credit.

But as I am not looking for a wife, having one of the finest cast, as you no doubt would understand while you read her experience and travail of soul in the way to heaven, you will see that it is not my object. And if I had none, I should not want any one to take my right from me and choose a wife for me; for I think that I or any of my brethren have a right to choose a wife for themselves as well as the whites—and as the whites have taken the liberty to choose my brethren, the Indians, hundreds and thousands of them as partners in life, I believe the Indians have as

much right to choose their partners amongst the whites if they wish. I would ask you if you can see any thing inconsistent in your conduct and talk about the Indians? And if you do, I hope you will try to become more consistent. Now if the Lord Jesus Christ, who is counted by all to be a Jew, and it is well known that the Jews are a colored people, especially those living in the East, where Christ was born—and if he should appear amongst us, would he not be shut out of doors by many, very quickly? and by those too, who profess religion?

By what you read, you may learn how deep your principles are. I should say they were skin deep. I should not wonder if some of the most selfish and ignorant would spout a charge of their principles now and then at me. But I would ask, how are you to love your neighbors as yourself? Is it to cheat them? is it to wrong them in any thing? Now to cheat them out of any of their rights is robbery. And I ask, can you deny that you are not robbing the Indians daily, and many others? But at last you may think I am what is called a hard and uncharitable man. But not so. I believe there are many who would not hesitate to advocate our cause; and those too who are men of fame and respectability—as well as ladies of honor and virtue. There is a Webster, an Everett, and a Wirt, and many others who are distinguished characters—besides an host of my fellow citizens, who advocate our cause daily. And how I congratulate such noble spirits—how they are to be prized and valued; for they are well calculated to promote the happiness of mankind. They well know that man was made for society, and not for hissing stocks and outcasts. And when such a principle as this lies within the hearts of men, how much it is like its God—and how it honors its Maker—and how it imitates the feelings of the good Samaritan, that had his wounds bound up, who had been among thieves and robbers.

Do not get tired, ye noble-hearted—only think how many poor Indians want their wounds done up daily; the Lord will reward you, and pray you stop not till this tree of distinction shall be levelled to the earth, and the mantle of prejudice torn from every American heart—then shall peace pervade the Union. WILLIAM APES.

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